

The random Jottings of Donald Jay from Nelson in Pendle,
a tea-totaller

In the realm of merry spirits and frothy delights, A holly beer retreat once danced in my sights.
But alas, dear friends, a change has taken its hold, For Brother Dutton, Thwaites, and Massey, I
am told, No longer embrace the brews, their hearts have been set, On a path sans ale, a tea-
totaller silhouette.

No more shall the golden nectar grace their lips, No more shall they revel in its sweet, bubbling
sips. Their desires have shifted, their choices now clear, To walk a different path, to bring a
change near. And so, I find myself at a crossroads profound, With tea in my hands, my old
friend left unfound.

Tea, the elixir of calm, with its soothing embrace, Shall guide me now, as I traverse this new
space. No more the ale's effervescent mirth shall I seek, But in tea's gentle warmth, a solace I
shall speak. From delicate leaves to a cup that's serene, A tea-totaller journey, a path yet unseen.

Though my heart yearned for the laughter in a pub, Where jesters regaled and the spirits would
rub, I'll find joy in conversations, clear and bright, With sober reflections, a newfound delight.
For the camaraderie, the tales we will share, Is not confined to pints, but a spirit aware.

So, here I stand, bidding farewell to the ale, Embracing the tea, with a smile that won't fail. No
longer a beer retreat, but a different retreat, Where clarity and tranquillity softly meet. Brother
Dutton, Thwaites, and Massey inspire, To cherish the moments, to let the heart transpire.

A tea-totaller journey, an odyssey profound, In the choice to abstain, a new world is found. With
tea as my guide, I'll explore and partake, In the wonders of life, new adventures awake. So, raise
your teacups, let us toast to the day, When paths diverge, but still, we find our own way.

By Donald Jay